LOW VOICE

HIGH VOICE

FLOWERS
from a
COTTAGE GARDEN

The verse & music by

Daisy McGeoch

PRICE 3/- NET.

The JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.
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DAISY McGEOCH

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LONDON W.

Nº 1.

Cabbage Roses.

You sent me in friendship a posy of roses,
The scent they exhaled was their loveliest part,
That fades, but the exquisite fragrance of friendship,
Will never go out from my innermost heart.

I'm locking the message your roses have brought me,
Away from the every day worry and strife,
Deep down in the ever green casket of mem'ry
With all the most beautiful things of my life.

To Vera and Andy.

(Flowers from a Cottage Garden.)

No. 1.

Cabbage Roses.

DAISY Mc GEOCH.

Legato. *Tenderly and simply.*

p

You

p

sent me in friend-ship a pos - y of ros - es, The

cresc.

scent they ex - hal'd was their love - li - est part, That

cresc.

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J. C. 269

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f *dim.*

fades, but the ex - quis - ite fra - grance of friend - ship, Will

f *dim.*

nev - er go out from my in - ner - most

poco rit.

heart.

I'm

mf a tempo *rit.* *p*

a tempo

lock - ing the mess - age your ros - es have brought me, A -

p a tempo

cresc.

-way from the ev' ry day wor - ry and strife, Deep

f

cresc.

f

dim.

down in the ev - er green cask - et of mem'- ry With

dim.

poco rit.

all the most beau - ti - ful things of my

poco rit.

life.

mf a tempo

8

p

No. 2.

Sooth-Sayer Marguerite.

What a witch you are, wonderful Marguerite,
Have you really got second sight?
Can you really tell if my love loves me,
Are your prophecies always right?

You look so innocent shy and sweet,
As you blow in your roadside ditch,
With your heart of gold and your petals white,
It is hard to believe you're a witch!

He loves me--loves me not,
He loves me--loves me not,
Oh! Marguerite, your petals fall like snow,
Oh! Marguerite, I burn my fate to know,
He loves me--loves me not,
He loves me--he loves me not,
Oh! Marguerite, my fate decrees HE LOVES ME!

To Viola Hubbard.

(Flowers from a Cottage Garden.)

No 2.

Sooth-Sayer Marguerite.

DAISY Mc GEOCH

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cresc.

real - ly tell if my love loves me, Are your pro - phe-cies al - ways

f

cresc.

f

p

right? You look so in - no-cent shy and sweet, As you

p

blow in your road - side ditch, With your

mf

mf

poco rit.

a tempo

heart of gold and your pet - als white, It is

poco rit.

hard to be - lieve you're a witch ___ He loves me ___

dolce.

dolce.

___ loves me not, He loves me ___ loves me not,

cresc *dim.*

cresc *dim.*

Oh! Mar - gue-rite! your pet - āls fall like snow, ___

f *ten.* *poco rall.*

f *colla voce*

Oh! Mar-gue-rite, I burn my fate ___ to know, ___ He

mf a tempo

mf a tempo

p

Poco più mosso.

cresc.

loves me ___ He loves me not, ___ He loves me ___

p

cresc.

___ He loves me not.

Oh! Mar-gue-rite my fate de - crees ___

f

Oh! Mar-gue-rite my fate de - crees ___ HE

p

f

LOVES ME.

8

p

Ped.

Nº 3.

Forget-me-nots and Rue.

They loved, and down the flower decked paths ahead,
They followed, quite content, where Cupid led,
He crowned her Queen with simple cottage blooms,
She too, found token in the garden looms,
"Forget-me-nots, my dear" she said, "for you",
His gift to her,— a diadem of Rue!

Ere many moons had waned in the sky,
Frail Love fell sick, for Death was drawing nigh,
The Lover plucked an Orchid one sad day,
And threw his dead forget-me-nots away.

When Evening came,— the Gleaner of Day's hours,
Laden with Sleep, in glowing Poppy flowers,
The maiden drifted on a sorry quest,
Across the Styx,— a self-invited Guest.

No 3.

Forget-me-nots and Rue.

DAISY Mc GEOCH.

Poco lento.

p

They

p

lov'd and down the flow'r deck'd paths a - head, They

pp

fol - - low'd, quite con - tent, where Cu - - pid led, He

p

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mf

crown'd her Queen with sim - ple cot - tage blooms, She

mf

too, found tok - en in the gar - den looms,

p

"For - get - me - nots, my dear," she said, "for you,"

cresc.

f

dim.

His gift to her, a di - a - dem of Rue!

f

p

f

Ere ma - ny moons had wan - ed in the sky,

f

Frail Love fell sick, for Death was draw - ing nigh, The

lov - er plucked an Orch - id one sad day,

And threw his dead for - get - me - nots a - way.

p

When Ev'- ning came, the Glean - er of Day's hours,

pp

p

Lad - en with Sleep, in glow - ing Pop - py flow - ers,

cresc.

f

The maid - en drift-ed on a sor - ry quest, A - cross the Styx, a

cresc.

f

poco rit. e dim.

self - in - vit - ed Guest.

pp colla voce

3

Nº 4.

What o'clock!

(The seeding dandelion.)

Pretty flower, in your straight green frock,
Tell me, please, little what o'clock,
Did your hair go white from a dreadful shock?
What o'clock!

Or, perhaps, you had a dreadful scare,
Over some little love affair,
For that would account for your snow white hair,
What o'clock!

Perhaps it's just that you're growing old,
What o'clock, please, dont think me bold,
But I loved you best when your hair was gold,
What o'clock!

(Flowers from a Cottage Garden.)

No. 4.

What o' clock!

(The seeding Dandelion.)

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hair go white from a dread - ful shock?

What o' clock, what o' clock!

Or, per - haps, you'd a dread - ful scare

Ov - er some lit - tle love af - fair, For

mf

that would ac - count for your snow white hair, What o'

mf

clock!

p a tempo

P'raps its just that you're

rall.

p a tempo

mf

grow - ing old, What o' clock, please, don't

mf

think me bold, But I lov'd you best when your

hair was gold, What o' clock

What o' clock!

Nº 5.

Weeds.

Your heart's a garden Love has sown,
To give your life the work it needed,
Some day he'll come, to pluck his flowers,
So, mind you keep your garden weeded.

(Flowers from a Cottage Garden.)

No 5.

Weeds.

DAISY Mc GEOCH.

Lento: ma non troppo.

p

Your heart's a gar - den Love has sown, To give your life the work it

p

need - ed, *mf* Some day he'll come to pluck his flow'rs, *dim.* So

mf

mind you keep your gar - den weed - d.

poco rit.

poco rit.

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